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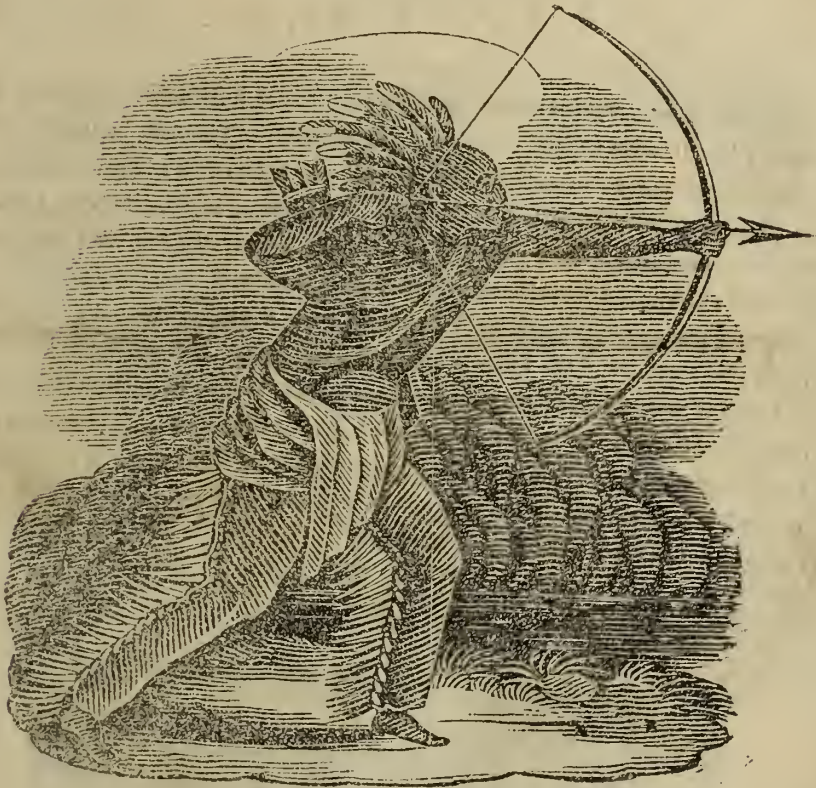
POCAHONTAS RESCUING CAPT. SMITH.

INDIAN

ANECDOTES AND BARBARITIES.

Being a description of their customs and deeds of cruelty, with an account of the captivity, sufferings and heroic conduct of many who have fallen into their hands, or who have defended themselves from savage vengeance ;
all illustrating the general traits of
INDIAN CHARACTER.

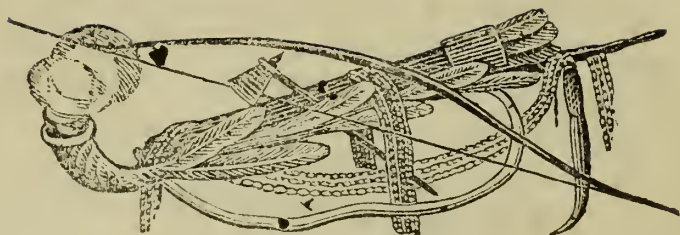
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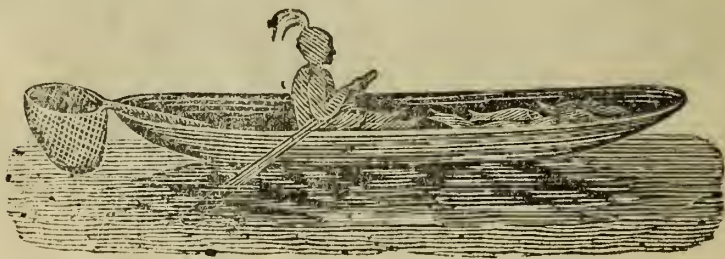
1837.



P R E F A C E .

It is plainly seen that the American aborigines are fast dwindling away. In another century it is doubtful whether even a remnant of them will be left in the land, the whole of which they once called their own, and over which their tribes of mighty renown held dominion, disturbed only by their own intestine broils. This fact brings with it an increased desire on the part of those who occupy the soil that was once "the red man's," to know his customs, exploits and traits of character.

For the purpose of throwing light on the subject in a manner the most likely to be useful, the compiler of the following pages has selected a great variety of anecdotes and tales of savage vengeance, containing instances of their courage, fortitude, artifice, sagacity, and deadly enmity to foes—from which traits of Indian character can be more accurately drawn than from any direct written description of them, and acknowledge of the heroism and sufferings of our progenitors and countrymen be acquired that will not be easily effaced from the mind.



Benton
Dec 30 1937
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SEMINOLE CRUELTY.

The Indian war now raging in Florida has been marked by some as cruel and cold-blooded acts of barbarity as have ever been perpetrated on the whites.

The following tragic story will give those who are far removed from the hostile ground a correct idea of the critical situation of the people on the frontiers, exposed by their detached situation, to the sudden attacks of an enemy they cannot readily reach in an uncleared country.

At the breaking out of the war between the Seminoles and the United States, or rather after the savages had determined on hostile measures and ere the remote inhabitants were apprised of their intentions, a Mr. Lovell with his wife, daughter and two small children were walking through a wood, to a friend's house, about a mile distant from his residence, when they were fired upon by two Indians lying in ambush and Mrs Lovell and the eldest boy were killed upon the spot.



Mr. Lovell and his family passing through the woods.

What made this attack more heart-rending was the fact, that, at the very moment the deadly lead pierced their hearts, they were more than ever unconscious of harm being intended them. The morning was beautiful and the wood they had just entered re-echoed with the songs of innumerable birds, while the many flowers that lined their path sent forth the sweetest odours. At the moment they were shot at, Mrs. Lovell and her daughter were admiring the rich foliage of

the trees and the eldest boy was drawing his father's attention to a beautiful Gold Robin that sat upon a bush ahead of him.

The scene that followed can but faintly be described. The bleeding body of her whose heart but a few moments before was beating warm,—exulting in the happiness of her husband and children, now lay in the cold embrace of death. And him who had raised the high and fond anticipations of his parents, was now prostrate in the last agonies of departing life. The Indians on coming up immediately despatched Mr Lovell with their tomahawks, and stripping the dead of such portions of their dress as they took a fancy to, bound the hands of the survivors and marched with them from the field—threatening instant death to the captives if they made any noise.—After a march of about two days the Indians arrived with their prey at the bank of the St. John's river where half a dozen families of their nation had encamped.

A consultation was soon held upon the fate of the prisoners, when a warm dispute arising about who should have the "white squaw," (the Indians always term the white women squaws) the chief of the clan ordered the young lady to be bound to a tree with her arms extended, telling his men to shoot at her, but keep her alive as long as possible. They accordingly began to fire at her hands and feet, but one more humane than the rest put a speedy end to her misery by sending a ball through her heart.



The Indians shooting at Miss Lovell.

It was but a few days after this deed of savage vengeance had been commit-

ted, when they were surprised by a party of soldiers passing that way, and their flight being very precipitate they had not time to kill the boy or carry him with them. The tragic scenes through which this last remnant of a family had passed—a family that were but a few days before, all happy and in conscious security, had so far bewildered and struck the lad's mind with horror, that it was a long time before the facts here stated could be drawn from him.

FEMALE DARING.

A half century since a man by the name of Woods removed with his family into the western country, and for the benefit of his stock, erected his cabin at a considerable distance from any white settlement. One day his business calling him from home, he left only his wife and daughter about twelve years of age, and a negro man who was lame, to guard the house.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Woods going a short distance from the house, discovered seven or eight Indians lying in ambush. On discovering them she instantly fled, and while attempting to close the door, one of the savages who had pursued her, being in advance of his companions, pushed it open, rushed in, and attacked the lame negro.

Before the arrival of the others, she barred the door, placing her daughter to guard it. A severe contest now ensued between the Negro and the Indian.—At length they fell, but the Indian having the advantage, the negro called to his mistress to take the axe and kill the savage. She raised the weapon, struck him a violent blow on the back, which wounded him severely, and with a second stroke aimed at his head, brought him lifeless to the floor.



This done, the negro called to his mistress who had now taken her station at the door, to let them in one by one, and they should share the same fate.— Fortunately, however, a party of whites from the neighbouring settlement came to their relief, fired upon the Indians, killed one, and dispersed the remainder.

INDIAN CRUELTY.

In the year 1689, in that part of the town of Dover, New Hampshire, which lies about the first falls in the river Cocheco, were five garrisoned houses, three on the north side; viz. Waldron's, Otis' and Heard's, and two on the south side, viz. Peter Coffin's and his son's. These houses were surrounded with timber walls, the gates of which, as well as the house doors, were secured with bolts and bars. The neighbouring families retired to these houses by night; but by an unaccountable negligence no watch was kept.

The Indians, who were daily passing through the town, visiting and trading with the inhabitants, as usual in times of peace, viewed their situation with an attentive eye. Some hints of a mischievous design were given out by their squaws, but in such dark and ambiguous terms that no one could comprehend their meaning.

Some of the people were uneasy, but Waldron, who from a long course of experience was intimately acquainted with the Indians, and on other occasions had been ready enough to suspect them, was now entirely secure, that when some of the people hinted their fears to him, he merely bade them go and plant their pumpkins, saying he would tell them when the Indians would break out. The very evening before the mischief was done, being told by a young man that the town was full of Indians, and that the people were much concerned, he answered, that he knew the Indians very well, and there was no danger.

The plan which the Indians had preconcerted was, that two squaws should go to each of the garrisoned houses in the evening, and ask leave to lodge by the fire; that in the night when the people were asleep, they should open the doors and gates, and give the signal by a whistle; upon which the strange Indians, who were to be within hearing, should rush in and take their long meditated revenge.

This plan ripe for execution, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th of June, two squaws applied to each of the garrisons for lodging, as they frequently did in time of peace. They were admitted into all but the younger Coffin's, and the people at their request showed them how to open the doors in case they should have occasion to go out in the night.

Mesandowit, one of their chiefs, went to Waldron's garrison, and was kindly entertained, as he had often been before. The squaws told the major that a number of Indians were coming to trade with him the next day; and Mesandowit, whilst at supper, said with his usual familiarity, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if the strong Indians should come?" The major carelessly answer-

ed, that he could assemble a hundred men by lifting up his finger. In this unsuspecting confidence the family retired to rest.

When all was quiet, the gates were opened and the signal given. The Indians entered, set a guard at the door, and rushed into the major's apartment, which was an inner room. Awakened by the noise, he jumped out of bed, and though now advanced in life to above eighty years of age, he retained so much vigor as to drive them with his sword through two or three doors; but as he was returning for his other arms, they came behind him, stunned him with a hatchet drew him into his hall, and seating him in an elbow chair on a long table, insultingly asked him, "Who shall judge the Indians now?"



The Indians torturing Maj. Waldron.

They then obliged the people in the house to get them some victuals; and when they had done eating, they cut the major across the breast and belly with knives, each one with a stroke, saying, "I cross out my account." They then cut off his nose and ears, and forced them into his mouth. When spent with the loss of blood, he was falling down from the table, one of them held his own sword under him, which put an end to his misery.

They also killed his son-in-law, Abraham Lee; but took his daughter Lee, with several others, and having pillaged the house, left it on fire.

Otis' garrison, which was the next to the major's met with the same fate.—He was killed, with several others. His wife and child were led into captivity. Heard's was saved by the barking of a dog, just as they were entering. Elder Wentworth, who was awakened by the noise, pushed out the savages, and fall-

ing on his back, set his feet against the gate, and held it till he had alarmed the people. Two balls passed through the gate while he was in this position, but, fortunately, both missed him.

Coffin's house was surprised; but as the Indians had no particular enmity, they spared his life, and the lives of his family, and contented themselves with pillaging the house. Finding a bag of money, they made him throw it by handfuls on the floor, whilst they amused themselves in scrambling for it.

FRONTIER SCENE.

Flint, in his travels in Mississippi, says he once saw two children, the only members of a family—consisting of a father, mother, and a number of children—that were spared by the Indians. It was on the river Femme-Osage.

A party of Sacs and Foxes, that had been burning and murdering in the vicinity, came upon the house as the father was coming in from abroad. They shot him, and he fled, wounded, a little distance, and fell. They then tomahawked the wife, and mangled her body. She had been boiling the sap of the sugar-maple. The Indians threw two of the children into the boiling kettles.



An Indian throwing the children into boiling kettles.

The younger of the two orphans that I saw was but three years old. His sister, two years older, drew him under the bed before they were seen by the Indians. It had, in the fashion of the country, a cotton counterpane that descended to the floor.

The howling of these demons—the firing—the barking of the dogs—the shrieking of the children, as they became their victims, never drew from these poor things, that were trembling under the bed, a cry or the smallest noise.—The Indians thrust their knives through the bed, that nothing concealed there might escape them, and went off through fear of pursuit, leaving these desolate beings unharmed.

BAPTISTE ROY.

The same author relates another affecting tale, the circumstances of which occurred at Cote sans Dessein, on the Missouri.

A numerous band of northern savages beset the garrison house, into which Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman with his wife and another man, had retreated.—They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house.

They immediately began to fire upon the Indians. The wife melted and moulded the lead, and assisted in loading; occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The guns often became too much heated to hold in the hand. Water was necessary to cool them.

On the second day of the siege, Roy's assistant became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done. He put his eye to the port-hole, and a well aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation.

The savages were encouraged by the momentary slackening of the fire to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls.

What must have been the nights of this husband and wife? After four days of unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaiming that the house was a 'grand Medicine,' meaning, that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty bodies to attest the workmanship and steadiness of the besieged, and a peck of balls collected from the logs of the house.

MASSACRE AT SCHENECTADY.



In the whole history of Indian barbarities, no deed has been marked with greater cruelty than the attack upon Schenectady.

In the year 1690 a detachment of about 500 French and Indians left Montreal to fall upon the frontier settlements of New York and New England, in the dead of winter.



The flight from Schenectady to Albany.

After a march of twenty-two days, they on the eighth of February reached the vicinity of Schenectady. They had been so reduced on their march as, to harbor thoughts of surrendering themselves prisoners of war to the English; but their spies (who had been several days in the village, entirely unsuspected) representing in so strong terms the defenceless state of the inhabitants, as determined them to make an immediate attack. They found the gates open and unguarded, when they entered then about eleven o'clock at night. The better to effect their hellish purpose, they divided their main body into several distinct parties of six or seven men each! The inhabitants were in a profound sleep and unalarmed until the enemy had broken open their doors and with uplifted tomahawks were surrounding their beds! Before they had time to rise, the savages began the perpetration of the most inhuman barbarities! No language can express the cruelties which were committed! In less than one hour, two hundred of the inhabitants were slain and the whole village enwrapt in flames! A detail of the cruelties committed by the barbarians, cannot be read without horror. They ravished, rifled, murdered and mutilated the inhabitants, without

distinction of age or sex, without any other provocation or excitement than brutal lust and wantonness of barbarity! Pregnant women, were ripped open and their infants cast into the flames or dashed against the posts of the doors!! A very few of the inhabitants escaped, in their shirts, who (in a severe and stormy night) fled to Albany. Twenty-five of the fugitives, in their flight perished with cold, and the sufferings of those that survived the inclement night were unparalleled.

The enemy, after destroying the inhabitants, killed all the horses and cattle which they could find with the exception of about thirty, of the former which they loaded with their plunder and drove off.

CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF MRS. HOWE.

In the early part of the French and Indian war, 1755, Bridgman's fort, a small work in Vernon, in the state of Vermont, was taken by a party of Indians, in the following manner:

Three families at that time resided in the fort. At the head of these were Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield. As the fort was constantly liable to an attack from the Indians, the gate was uniformly fastened on the departure of the men to their daily labour, not to be opened until their return in the evening.

It happened, one evening, that the above named men, on their return from the field, were assaulted by a party of Indians, when within a short distance of the fort. At the first fire, Howe was wounded in the thigh and fell from his horse, on which he rode with two of his sons. The Indians coming up immediately scalped him. Gaffield made for the river, in attempting to cross which he was drowned. Grout escaped uninjured.

Thence the Indians, proceeding to the fort, knocked at the gate for admission. The women within, supposing that their husbands had returned, opened it without hesitation, and were made prisoners with their children.

Having plundered the fort, they set it on fire, and retired with their prisoners into the depths of the forest. The following morning, having despatched several of their prisoners, they set out for the place where they had left their canoes, about fifteen miles south of Crown Point. This journey, a distance of sixty miles, across the range of the Green mountains, occupied them eight days. The sufferings of the prisoners, especially of the children, one of whom belonged to Mrs. Gaffield, three to Mrs. Grout, and seven to Mrs. Howe, the youngest an infant six months old, and the eldest only eleven years, were severe and distressing. Yet the party at length reached Crown Point.

From this place several of the captives were taken to Montreal, to be sold to the French; but no market being found for them, they were brought back; shortly after which the whole body were embarked in canoes for St Johns.—It was just at evening that the embarkation took place. A thunder storm was rising from the west, and on its approach brought with it a gust of wind, threat-

ning the destruction of the whole party. At the same time, the darkness, unless illumined by the lightning, was intense. A good providence, however, presided over them, and before morning they landed on the beach. The following day they reached St. Johns, whence they soon after proceeded to St. Francis, where their captors resided. Here Mrs. Howe and her infant were delivered to a squaw, whom she was directed to consider as her mother.

On the approach of winter, Mrs. Howe persuaded her mother to go to Montreal, for the purpose of selling her and her child to the French. Language can scarcely describe the sufferings of this afflicted woman and her babe, during the journey. The little one, especially, was often so benumbed as to be incapable of drawing its proper nourishment. To add to her sorrow, the French lady, to whom she was offered for sale, most unfeelingly exclaimed, "I will not buy a woman who has a child to look after." Her disappointment at this unfeeling refusal was extreme. She was suffering from cold and hunger, and saw no prospect of relief from either. In passing from this inhospitable mansion, she observed some crumbs of bread swimming on the greasy liquor contained in a pail of swill; with her hand she skimmed them off, and ate them.

Unable to accomplish the object which brought her to Montreal, she returned with her Indian mother to St. Francis. The latter had caught the small pox while among the French, and soon after their return it occasioned her death.



Mrs. Howe's babe wrested from her by the Indians.

Mrs. Howe was now ordered to resign her babe to her savage captors. The child, as if conscious of the suffering which awaited it, clung to its mother's

breast, and was torn away with much violence. It was carried to a settlement on the borders of Lake Champlain. Not long after, Mrs. Howe was sent to the same place. Here she found her child almost perished with cold, hunger and neglect. As she pressed its little face to her cheek, so eager and ravenous, was it, as to bite her with such violence that she thought she must have parted with a piece of her cheek.

For two or three nights, she was allowed the satisfaction of sleeping with her babe. But, in the day time, her tormentors confined her just within hearing of its cries and complaints, which she was not permitted to soothe.

Some days after, the Indians carried her up the lake, and left her for two nights alone in the wilderness. When they returned, they told her that two of her children were dead. This was said merely to torture her, as it was utterly false. She soon after saw both of them; one in very comfortable circumstances, the other lean and hungry. She had a piece of bread, which she wished to give to this child; but was obliged to divide it equally among all the children in the weekwam, lest she should give offence to the family. When this little suffering boy was obliged to part with his mother, his distress was extreme; but she was forced to leave him, comforting herself, as far as she was able, by commending him to the care of the widow's and orphan's God.

About this period the sufferings of her infant were terminated by death.—Some time after, the Indian family to whom she belonged, consisting of the daughter of her late Indian mother and her husband, removed to St. Johns.

This Indian often drank to brutal excess. At such times the women were obliged to leave the weekwam to avoid his violence. On one such occasion Mrs. Howe returned before his wife, at which he was much displeased. In a fit of passion he sold her for a very small sum, to a French gentleman at St. Johns, named Saccabee.

When he became quite sober, he was much dissatisfied that he had parted with his captive so cheaply. He determined that some one else should suffer for his own folly. He threatened to kill Mrs. Howe, or burn the fort in the village. But care was taken that he should not accomplish either threat, and at length his passion subsided.

Mrs. Howe was now treated with indulgence and kindness. Through the humanity of colonel Peter Schuyler, who was at that time a prisoner at St. Johns, to whom she represented her case, and other benevolent persons, she was at length enabled to ransom herself and her four sons. With these she returned to New England. One of her two daughters became a nun in a convent at Montreal; the other went to France with the family with whom she lived, where she married a gentleman named Lewis.

DWIGHT.

ADVENTURES OF COLTER, ONE OF THE EXPLORING PARTY OF LEWIS AND CLARKE.

On the arrival of the exploring party of Lewis and Clarke at the head waters of the Missouri, one of their number, by the name of Colter, was desirous of joining a trapper, by the name of Potts, who was in that neighbourhood, for the purpose of hunting beaver, an abundance of which were to be found in that part of the country. The offer was a very advantageous one; and as Colter had always performed his duty, it was agreed that he might go. Accordingly, he was supplied with ammunition, and took leave of the party, for the solitude of the woods.

Aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, Colter and his companion set their traps at night and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek, about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view.

Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat; but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was occasioned by buffaloes—and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come on shore.

As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on recovering it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out 'Colter, I am wounded.'

Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at an Indian and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct situated as he was may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound enough, reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must expect to have been tortured to death according to the Indian customs.

They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter who had been some time among the Kee Catsa, or Crow Indians, had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with the Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed Indians, he therefore cunningly

replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At that instant the war whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised.

He proceeded towards Jefferson's Fork, having to travel a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain, before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer.



Colter pursued by the Indians.

Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him.—

Determined if possible to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand, Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood trees on the border of the Fork, to which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of draft timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts got his head above water, amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

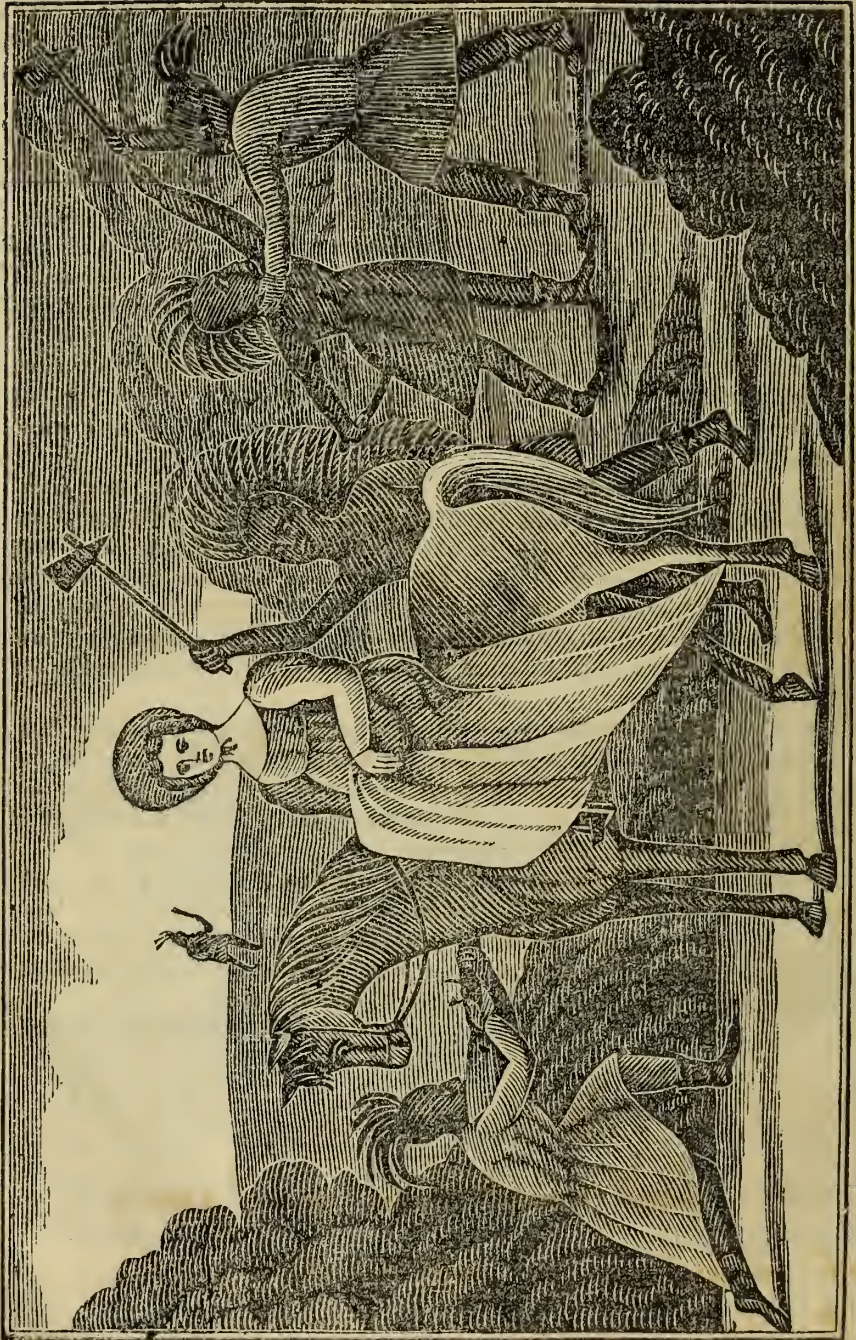
Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling in a most frightful manner. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, till the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night; when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam instantly down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful. He was completely naked under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and was at a great distance from the nearest settlement.

Almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired under such circumstances. The fortitude of Colter remained unshaken. After seven days' sore travel, during which he had no other subsistence than the root known by naturalists under the name of *psoralea esculenta*, he at length arrived in safety at Lisa's fort, on the Bigthorn branch of the Roche Jaune river.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

THE MURDER OF MISS M'KRAY.



One of the most cruel and heartrending events connected with the history of savage cruelty, was the murder of Miss M'Kray, a beautiful girl, who was that very day to have been married: Previous to the late war between America and Great Britain, a British officer by the name of Jones, an accomplished young man, resided near Fort Edward. His visits thither became more frequent, when he found himself irresistibly drawn by charms of native worth and beauty. Miss M'Kray, whose memory is dear to humanity and true affection, was the object of his peregrinations. Mr. Jones had not taken the precaution necessary in hazardous love, but had manifested to the lady by his constant attention, undissimulated and ingenuous demeanour, that ardent affection which a susceptible heart compelled her implicitly to return. In this mutual interchange of passion, they suffered themselves to be transported on the ocean of imagination, till the unwelcome necessity of a separation cut off every springing hope. The war between Great Britain and America commenced. A removal from this happy spot was in consequence suggested to Mr. Jones, as indispensable.—Nothing could alleviate their mutual horror, but duty; nothing could allay their reciprocal grief, so as to render a separate corporeal existence tolerable, but solemn vows, with the ideas of a future meeting. Mr. Jones repaired to Canada, where all intercourse with the provincials was prohibited. Despair, which presented itself in aggravated colours, when General Burgoyne's expedition through the States was fixed, succeeded to his former hopes. The British army being encamped about three miles from the fort, a decent was daily projected. Here Mr. Jones could not but recognize the spot on which rested all his joys. He figured to his mind the dread which his hostile approach must raise in the breast of her, whom of all others, he thought it his highest interest to protect. In spite of arrests and commands to the contrary, he found means secretly to convey a letter, entreating her not to leave the town with the family, assuring her that as soon as the fort should surrender, he would convey her to an asylum where they might peaceably consummate the nuptial ceremony. Far from discrediting the sincerity of him who could not deceive her, she heroically refused to follow the flying villagers. The remonstrances of a father, or the fearful entreaties of a mother and numerous friends, could not avail! It was enough that her lover was her friend. She considered herself protected by the love and voluntary assurances of her youthful hero. With the society of a servant maid, she impatiently waited the desired conveyance. Mr. Jones finding the difficulty into which he was brought, at length, for want of better conveyance, hired a party of twelve Indians to carry a letter to Miss M'Kray, with his own horse, for the purpose of carrying her to the place appointed. They set off, fired with the anticipation of their promised premium, which was to consist of a quantity of spirits, on condition that they brought her off in safety, which to an Indian was the most cogent stimulus the young lover could have named. Having arrived in view of her window they sagaciously held up the letter, to prevent the fears and apprehensions which a savage knows he must excite in the sight of tenderness and sensibility. Her faith and expectation enabled her

to divine the business of these ferocious missionaries, while her frightened maid uttered nought but shrieks and cries. They arrived, and by their signs, convinced her from whom they had their instructions. If a doubt could remain it was removed by the letter; it was from her lover. A lock of his hair, which it contained, presented his manly figure to her gloomy fancy.

Here, reader, guess what must have been her ecstasy. She indeed resolved to brave even the most horrid aspect which might appear between her and him, whom she considered already hers, without a sigh. She did not for a moment hesitate to follow the wishes of her lover: and took her journey with these bloody messengers, expecting very soon to be shielded in the arms of legitimate affection. A short distance only then seemed to separate two of the happiest of mortals. Alas! how soon are the most brilliant pictures of felicity defaced by the burning hand of affliction and woe! How swiftly are the halcyon dreams which lull the supine indolence of thought, succeeded by the real pangs which are inflicted by punishing Providence, or a persecuting foe!

Having risen the hill, at about equal distance from the camp and her former home, a second party of Indians, having heard of the captivating offer made by Mr. Jones, determined to avail themselves of the opportunity. The reward was the great object. A clashing of real and assumed rights was soon followed by a furious and bloody engagement, in which several were killed on each side. The commander of the first party, perceiving that nought but the lady's death could appease the fury of either, with a tomahawk deliberately knocked her from her horse, mangled her scalp from her beautiful temples, which he exultingly bore as a trophy of zeal to the expectant and anxious lover!!



Here, O disappointment, was thy sting! It was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Jones could be kept from total delirium. His horror and indignation could not be appeased ; his remorse for having risked his most valuable treasure in the hands of savages, drove him almost to madness. When the particulars of this melancholy event reached Gen. Burgoyne, he ordered the survivors of both these parties to immediate execution.

MASSACRE OF FOURTEEN PRISONERS,



The account which we are about to relate in the following story, is one which can scarcely be equalled in atrocity, treachery and cool blooded butchery, in the annals of war and animosity among men, as it is the more appalling having been perpetrated by a *woman*, an Indian Queen, of one of the tribes of the Alleghany reservation which has since so been named.

The dreadful battle of Wyoming, in which not less than one hundred and fifty women were made widows, and six hundred children orphans, had raged some hours, when at a certain point, namely, on the left wing, the savages were too powerful for the whites, as they had taken advantage of a mistake our men had made, in misunderstanding the words of command. This point happened to be near the river, which was the Susquehanna; where about twenty of our men plunged into the water, with the view of saving themselves by swimming over, and thus escaping. But the Indians and Tories had seen their manœuver, and flew to the spot. But instead of firing among them in the water as they could have done with mortal effect, they offered them quarters, if they would come out and give themselves up without further resistance.

Trusting to this promise, fifteen of them did return and give themselves up prisoners of war, while the others, five or six in number made their escape in a wonderful manner amid the bullets of the enemy. The fifteen prisoners were now seized by as many powerful Indians; but were not tied, the reason of which will soon appear. Esther, a hideous squaw, titled a queen or female chief, probably on account of being the daughter of a chief, being not far distant, from the place of their capture; a yell of the Indians of a peculiar note brought her to the spot, when they were immediately led a short distance from the shore into the woods, to a clear and open space. Here they were requested to sit down in a circle, not knowing for what purpose, as they trusted to the promise of receiving quarters, and did not therefore apprehend any danger; imagining it to be some ceremony peculiar to the savages. As they sat in this circle a strong Indian took his position behind each prisoner except one which was a mere boy and placed his brawny hands upon each shoulder, which as afterwards appeared was to prevent them from rising up and attempting to make their escape, when they should come to know the reason why they had been thus seated in a circle. The reason of this ceremony now soon appeared, for as soon as all was ready, the queen approached with a large club in her hand, in a silent stealthy manner, up behind them, and drawing back her club she brought it down with all her might upon the head of her victim; when his brains flew in every direction; he fell back with a groan, and was dead. She now stepped to the next, on her right hand, and executed the same horrid blow on the next, with the same effect as on the first. Among the prisoners was a lad by the name of William Buck, the boy to whom we have just alluded, about fifteen years old, who on account of his youth was not held down by an Indian like the other prisoners. This boy when he saw what the queen was at and witnessed the blow which broke the skulls of his companions and heard the death groan of the victim and saw him fall back a lifeless corpse, he became frightened, and springing to his feet fled

with the speed of an arrow, crying piteously as he ran, aiming to hide himself in the woods if possible, yet without hope ; as he knew some Indian could soon overtake him ; but still he ran on though he ran in despair. His fears were soon realized, for a swift Indian soon overtook him ; but instead of killing him on the spot, as he no doubt expected, he began to sooth him, saying that he should not be hurt, as he was but a little white headed boy. This was said in the hearing of a Mr. Hammond of whom we shall soon speak. It is not impossible but the Indian meant to save the boy, and take him for his own ; but as he led him along, there stepped another Indian behind the lad and sunk the blade of his hatchet to the handle in his brains, when he was laid dead in his place in the circle, which he had but a moment before occupied alive.



The Boy re-captured.

During this short period the work of death still went on, when soon there was but two left of the number which was fourteen men and one boy. One of these was a man of extraordinary strength and activity, Libeus Hammond by name, who seeing now but one man between himself and eternity, resolved if possible to rescue himself, but if not to die fighting, and to sell his life as dearly to the enemy as possible. At that awful moment too there came the vision of his wife and little ones at home, in a glance before him, which nerved him to desperation, when he sprang forward from under the hands of the Indian behind him ; and gaining his feet turned round at the same instant, and gave him a blow with his fist, as quick as powerful ; and laid the Indian prostrate at some distance. He then sprang over him and with the violence of a frightened Buffalo, shot off on a straight line into the deep woods, running for precious life.—

But two Indians instantly pursued, whom he soon perceived gained rapidly on him, from whose tomahawks he knew there was no escape if suffered to overtake him. Stratagem, therefore, was to be resorted to as his only safety. Accordingly, just as they were about to reach him on full spring, having gained the further end of a tangled kind of a thicket, darted suddenly out of a straight course, in which he was running, and tacked off on another direction, and made his escape, while his pursuers were pitching and tumbling headlong over each other, occasioned by their own velocity, and an attempt to stop too suddenly; they became confused and no doubt hurt, and thus they lost him. Had this man died, the fate of his fellows could never have been known; the dark and horrid transaction could never have become an item of the history of those times of blood and carnage, as is now the fact. This account was derived from a man who was in the battle of Wyoming, and is still living near Tawanda, the county seat of Bradford, Pa., and is therefore, to be relied on as true.

DEPREDATIONS OF THE INDIANS ON THE FRONTIERS.

On the 19th of December, 1791, as two men and three boys were fishing on Floyd's fork of Salt River, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, who killed the two men and made prisoners of the boys. Soon after they liberated one of the lads, first presenting him with a tomahawk, which they desired him to carry to his friends and inform them what had become of his companions.

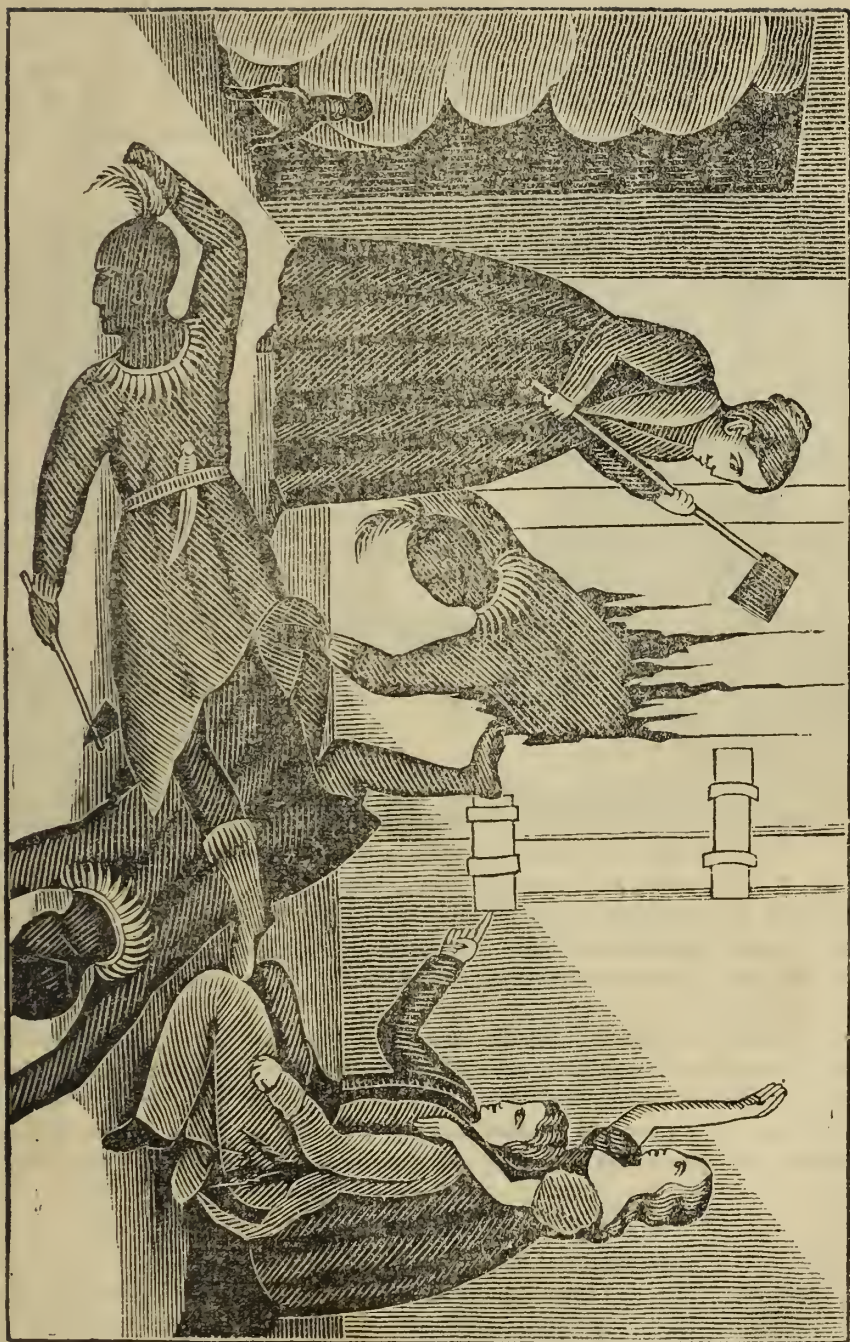
About the 20th a party of Indians attacked the house of a Mr. Chenoweth, situated near the mouth of the Wabash. They killed and scalped two of his children and tomahawked and scalped his wife, whom they left for dead. Mr. C. (who had his arm broken by the fire of the savages,) with the remainder of the family made their escape. A sick daughter who was confined to her chamber, and who, during the bloody affray, had been forgotten by her father, remained ignorant of the horrid massacre until the succeeding day; when no one of the family coming to her assistance, she succeeded in crawling down stairs, when she was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a beloved parent stretched upon the floor, almost lifeless, and at the side of whom lay the mangled bodies of her dear brothers.



Scene in Mr. Chenoweth's house on the day succeeding the massacre.

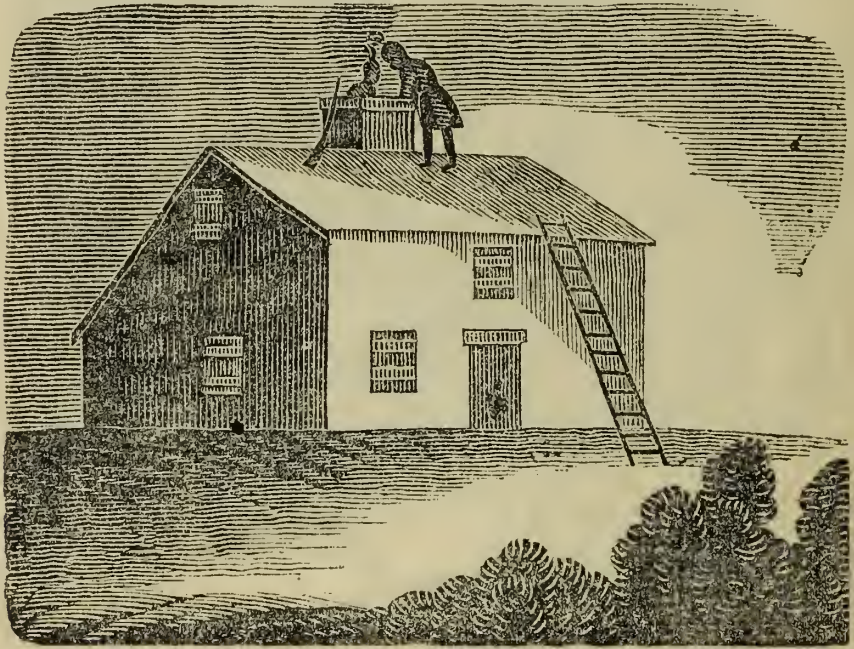
Fortunately, her unhappy father returned the succeeding day to the house, and conveyed the two surviving members of his family to the house of a friend, where they finally recovered.

On the 24thth a party of Indians attacked the dwelling house of a Mr. John Merrill in Nelson county, Kentucky. Mr. Merrill who was first alarmed by the barking of his dog, hastened to the door to discover the cause; on opening of which he received the fire of the Indians which broke his right leg and arm.—The Indians now attempted to enter the house, but were prevented by the door being immediately closed and secured by Mrs. Merrill and her daughter. The Indians succeeded in hewing away a part of the door, through which passage one of them attempted to enter, but the heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an axe and gave the ruffian a fatal blow; after which she hauled him through the passage into the house!—The others unconscious of the fate of their companion, supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward; four of which Mrs. Merrill in like manner despatched before the others discovered their mistake.



Mrs. Merrill killing the Indians.

The remaining Indians, after retiring for a few moments, returned and renewed their efforts to enter the house. Despairing of succeeding at the door they got on the top of the house and attempted to descend the chimney; to prevent which Mr. Merrill, directed his little son to empty on the fire the contents of a feather-bed, which had the desired effect, as the smoke and heat caused thereby soon brought down rather unexpectedly, two of the enemy.



The Indians descending the chimney of Mr. Merrill's residence.

Mr. Merrill exerting every faculty at this critical moment, seized a billet of wood with which he soon despatched the two half smothered Indians, while in the meantime his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining one, whom she had so severely wounded with an axe that he was soon glad to retire.

A prisoner who escaped from the enemy soon after the transaction, informed that the wounded savage above mentioned was the only one that escaped of the party, which consisted of eight; that on his return being asked by the prisoner "what news," he answered "bad news for poor Indian, me lose a son, me lose a brother; the squaws have taken the breach and fight worse than the "long knives!"

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF TWO BOYS.

In the year 1793, two little boys by the name of Johnson, the one twelve and the other nine years of age, were one day playing on the western bank of a

small creek, some miles from Wheeling in the state of Ohio. At a distance they discovered two men, who, on approaching them, they found to be Indians. They would have fled, but it was too late to make their escape.

The Indians seized them, and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire, and took up their lodgings for the night. They placed their rifles and tomahawks against a tree, and then laid down to rest, each with a boy on his arms.

The children were too much terrified to sleep. The eldest began to move.— Finding his Indian sound a sleep, by degrees he disengaged himself, and went to the fire, which had then got low. He stirred it, and finding that this did not wake the Indians, he ventured to whisper to his brother, who also crept away from the arms of his captor. The eldest boy then observed to his brother:

“I think we can kill these Indians, and get away from them.”

The youngest agreed in the proposal to attempt it. The oldest then took one of the rifles, and resting the muzzle on a small stick, that he found for the purpose, near the head of one of the Indians, committed the execution of this part of the business to his brother, telling him to pull the trigger at the moment that he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomahawks.

The oldest gave the signal, the youngest pulled the trigger. The rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian's face, and left him senseless. The oldest was not at first as successful, giving the blow with the wrong end of the tomahawk. The Indian started up. The boy seeing his mistake, and turning the instrument in his hand, gave him another blow which brought him to the ground. He then repeated his strokes until he dispatched him. He then made the best of his way after his brother, who, when he had discharged one rifle, snatched up the other and ran.

When the boys had found the path, which they recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush, that he might be able to find the place again the next day.

The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him. The other was not there, but was tracked through the woods by his blood.— Though he was so weakened by the loss of blood that he could not raise his gun to fire at his pursuers, they suffered him to escape. Probably he died of his wounds.

These two Indians had been sent out to discover the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors waiting in the neighbourhood.

INDIAN MODE OF SCALPING.

The Indian mode of scalping their victims is as follows: With a knife they make a circular cut from the forehead quite round the head, just above the ears. They then take hold of the skin with their teeth, they tear off the whole hairy scalp in an instant, with wonderful dexterity. This they dry and preserve as a trophy, to show the number of their victims. They have a method of painting on the dried scalp different figures, to designate the sex and age of the victim, and also the manner and circumstances of the murder.



LITCHFIELD INDIAN.

Not many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day into an inn, in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time he observed that he could pay for neither, as he had no success in hunting; but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune.

The hostess refused him both the drink and the supper, called him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, and told him she did not work so hard, herself, to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man who sat and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, shewed by his countenance that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply his wants, and he engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so.

When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor, thanked him, and assured him that he should remember his kindness, and, whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it. For the present, he observed, that he could only reward him with a story, which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented.

The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said, "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world; and then he took him, and looked on him and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made dry land, and water, and sun, and moon, and grass, and trees, and took him and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him and looked on him and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made *woman*, and took him and looked on him, and he no dare say one such word." The Indian, having told his story, withdrew.

Some years after, the man who had befriended him had occasion to go to some distance into the wilderness, between Litchfield, then a frontier settlement, and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the southern borders of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of his captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son, whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him, and asked him to meet him at a place, which he pointed out, upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehension that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree as to dissuade him effectually from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after the same Indian found him at his work again, and very gravely reproved him, for not

performing his promise. The man apologized awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he would be satisfied, if he would meet him, at the same place, on a future day, which he named. The man promised to meet him, and this time fulfilled his promise.

When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each and follow him. The direction of their march was to the south. The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whether he was going; but concluded that if the Indian intended him harm, he would have dispatched him at the beginning; or, at the worst, he was as safe where he was as he could be in any other place. Within a short time therefore, his fears subsided, although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition.

In the day time, they shot such game as came in their way, and at night kindled a fire, by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, presenting the prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the place. He replied eagerly that it was *Litchfield*.



His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an inn, in that town, added, "I that Indian: now I pay you: go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu, and the man joyfully returned to his own house.

DWIGHT.

STRATAGEM OF A PEQUOT INDIAN.

Among the traits which mark the Indian character, those of cunning and stratagem are well known.

In one of the frequent wars among the different tribes of Indians, a Pequot was pursued by a Narragansett Indian. The Pequot skulked behind a rock, and raising his hat upon a pole, held it just above the rock, so that the hat alone was visible on the other side.



The Narragansett, who was at some distance, perceiving the hat, and supposing of course that the head of the Pequot was in it, crept softly up within a few feet and fired. But directly he had the mortification to find that he had thrown away his powder. The Pequot's gun was still loaded, and he discharged it to effect upon the poor Narragansett.

ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS OF GENERAL PUTNAM AMONG THE INDIANS.

The military life of general Putnam, who acted a conspicuous part in the war of the revolution, began about the year 1755, known as the period when commenced the French and Indian war. In 1757, he was promoted to the rank of major, soon after which he was sent to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. One day, having gone with a party to some distance from their encampment, he fell in with a body of French and Indians, whom he found it necessary to engage. Inspired by his example, his officers and men behaved

with great bravery. Having himself discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the very muzzle was pressing against the breast of a large, well proportioned Indian.

The Indian with a tremendous war-whoop sprang forward with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having bound him fast to a tree returned to the battle. For a considerable time the tree to which major Putnam was tied was directly between the fires of the two parties. A situation more deplorable cannot well be conceived. The balls flew incessantly from each side—many struck the tree to which he was tied, while some passed thro' the skirts and sleeves of his coat.

In this state of jeopardy he remained more than an hour, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head. The fight was extremely obstinate; and, for a long time, it was doubtful which party would obtain the victory. At one moment, while the battle swerved in favor of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have despatched him at a blow. But he chose rather to excite the terrors of the prisoner by hurling a tomahawk at his head; or rather, it would seem that his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him. The weapon struck in the tree a number of times, at a hair's breadth from the mark.



When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French officer of inferno rank, perceiving Putnam, came to him, and levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it. Fortunately, it missed fire. In vain did

Putnam demand the treatment due to his situation—in vain did he repeat that he was a prisoner of war. The inhuman Frenchman was deaf to the voice of honor, or of nature, and dead to sensibility. He violently and repeatedly pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs; and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the but end of his piece. After this dastardly deed he left him.

At length the enemy were driven from the field of battle. As they were retreating, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted to some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes. He was then loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled on him, was strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord.

In this painful manner he was forced to march through rough and intricate paths for many tedious mile, until the party, who were excessively tired, halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled, from the tightness of the ligatures, and the pain had become intolerable. Exhausted and frantic with the torments he suffered, he intreated the Irish interpreter to beg the savages to knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or to loose his hands. A French officer immediately ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off.

By this time, the Indian who had captured him, and who had been absent with the wounded, came up. He expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered. Seeing that his feet were so much scratched that the blood dropped fast from them, his master gave him a pair of moccasins. He then again returned to the care of the wounded,

The Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took major Putnam with them, treating him with the greatest cruelty, giving him also a deep wound on the left cheek. He soon learned that they were preparing still greater tortures for him. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush and other fuel at a small distance in a circle around him.

While they were making these preparations, they accompanied their labors with the most horrid screams and yells. They then set fire to the piles of fuel. A sudden shower partially extinguished it. Again they kindled it; and at last the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could not move his body, and he often shifted sides as the fire approached.

The sight of his distress afforded the highest amusement to the savages, who showed their satisfaction by their frantic gestures, their yells and dances. Major Putnam felt that his final hour was come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind as far as possible in so trying circumstances; but at the

thought of his home, of his wife, and his children, his courage well nigh failed him. He, however, at last fixed his thoughts on a happier state of existence in another world, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure.

Nature was nearly exhausted, and his sufferings would soon have been terminated by death, when a French officer, by the name of Molang, rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. An Indian more humane than the rest had run and told him what was going forward, and begged him to interfere, and save major P. Molang severely reprimanded the savages, and obliged them immediately to end their powwas and inhuman sports. He feared; however, to leave major P. alone with them, and remained till he could safely deliver him into the hands of his master.

The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit; but finding he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of them in water, and made him suck the pulp-like part. The Indian, however, was determined not to lose his captive, and after they had finished their meal, he took the moccasins from major Putnam's feet and tied them to one of his wrists; then directing him to lie down on his back, on the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length and bound it fast to a young tree. The other arm was extended in the same manner. His legs were then stretched apart and bound to two saplings. Then a number of tall but slender poles were cut down, which with some long bushes were laid across his body from head to foot. On each side lay as many Indians as could find room, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape.

In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained till morning. The next day he was allowed his blanket and moccasins, and permitted to march without carrying any pack or receiving any insult. His master gave him some bear's meat, which he was unable to chew, but being extremely hungry, he contrived to suck it through his teeth and swallow it. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was there placed under the care of a French guard.

The savages who had been prevented from gratifying their thirst for blood, showed their disappointment by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were allowed no more to offer violence or insult to the prisoner.

After having been examined by the marquis de Montecalm, major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest kindness and indulgence.

At this place were several prisoners. Among them was colonel Peter Schuyler. He was a man remarkable for his generosity and friendship. No sooner had he heard of major Putnam's arrival than he went to see him. He found him in a comfortless condition—without coat, waistcoat, or stockings. The rest of his clothing was miserably dirty and ragged. His beard had not been cut for a long time—his legs were torn with briars and thorns—his face gashed with wounds and swollen with bruises.

Colonel Schnijer was justly angry that a prisoner of war and an officer of rank had been so unworthily used : and though a prisoner himself he had influence enough to procure for the major better treatment. He was clothed in a decent manner and supplied with money by this liberal and kindhearted man ; and by his assistance was soon after exchanged.

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

Indians place much reliance on dreams. The following fulfilment of a dream is related by Tanner, in his narrative of his captivity and adventures among the Indians.

The Indian family, in which he resided at the time the incident occurred, was much in want of food. This induced the mother, Net-no-kwa, to sing and pray nearly all night to the Great Spirit for relief. In the morning she addressed her son, Wa-me-gon-a-biew, as follows :

My son, last night I sung and prayed the Great Spirit, and when I slept, there came to me one like a man, and said to me, 'Net-no-kwa, to-morrow you shall eat a bear. There is at a distance from the path which you are to travel to-morrow, and in such a direction, (which she described to him,) a small round meadow with something like a path leading from it ; in that path there is a bear.' Now, my son, I wish you to go to that place, without mentioning to any one what I have said, and you will certainly find the bear."

But the young Indian was an uncrafty son, and not apt to regard what his mother said to him. On going out of the lodge he spoke sneeringly to the other Indians of the dream.

'The old woman,' said he, 'tells me we are to eat a bear to-day, but I do not know who is to kill it.'

The old woman hearing what he said, called him back and reproved him ; but could not prevail on him to go and look for the bear.

The Indians accordingly all moved off towards the place where they were to encamp for the night. The men went first and after despositing their baggage where the camp was to be placed, they went off to hunt. Some of the boys, and I among them, remained with the baggage until the women should come up.

I had my gun with me, and I continued to think of the conversation which I had heard between my Indian mother and brother, respecting her dream. At length I resolved to go in search of the place she had spoken of, and without mentioning my design to any one, I loaded my gun as for a bear, and set off on our back track.

I soon met a woman who had showed herself quite unfriendly to me. She asked me what I was doing on the path, and whether I expected to kill Indians, that I came there with my gun. I made her no answer, and thinking I was not far from the place where my mother had told Wa-me-gon-a-biew to leave the path, I turned off, continuing carefully to follow all the directions she had given.

At length I found what appeared formerly to have been a pond. It was a small round open place in the woods, now grown up with grass and some small bushes. This I thought must be the meadow my mother had spoken of, and examining it around, I came to an open place in the bushes, where it is probable a small brook ran from the meadow ; but the snow was now so deep that I could see nothing of it.

My mother had mentioned that when she saw the bear in her dream, she had at the same time seen a smoke rising from the ground. I was confident this



was the place, and I watched long, expecting to see the smoke ; but, at length tired of waiting, I walked a few steps into what appeared to be a path, when I unexpectedly fell up to my middle in the snow. I crept out with some difficulty, and walked on ; but, happening to remember that I had heard the Indians speak of killing bears in their holes, it occurred to me that it might be a bear's hole into which I had fallen. On examining the place, I discovered a bear's head close to the bottom of the hole. I placed the muzzle of my gun nearly between his eyes, and discharged it. As soon as the smoke cleared away, I took a stick, and thrusting it into the eyes of the animal, and into the wound, satisfied myself that he was dead. I then endeavoured to lift him out of the hole, but being unable to do this, I returned home, following the track I had made in coming out.

As I came near the camp, where the squaws had by this time set up the lodges, I met the same woman whom I had seen in going out, and she immediately began again to ridicule me.

"Have you killed a bear, that you come back so soon, and walk so fast?"

I passed her without saying any thing, and went into my mother's lodge. I soon found an opportunity, when my mother was standing by herself, to whisper in her ear : "My mother, I have killed a bear."

"What do you say, my son ?" said she.

"I have killed a bear."

"Are you sure you have killed him ?" asked she.

"Yes," I replied, "he is quite dead."

She watched my face for a moment, to see that I was not deceiving her, and then caught me in her arms, and hugged and kissed me with great earnestness for a long time.

The bear was sent for, and being the first I had killed, was cooked altogether, and the hunters of the whole band invited to a feast with us, according to the custom of the Indians.

